

Write your name here

Surname

Other names

Centre Number

Candidate Number

Edexcel GCE

English Language and Literature
Advanced
Unit 3: Varieties in Language and Literature

Tuesday 21 June 2011 – Morning
Time: 2 hours 45 minutes

Paper Reference
6EL03/01

You must have:

Source Booklet (enclosed)
Set text (clean copies only)



Total Marks

Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- Answer the question in Section A and **one** question from Section B.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
– *there may be more space than you need.*

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 100.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets
– *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*
- Quality of written communication will be taken into account in the marking of your answers. Quality of written communication includes clarity of expression, the structure and presentation of ideas and grammar, punctuation and spelling.

Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Keep an eye on the time.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

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Answer TWO questions, the question from Section A and ONE question from Section B.

You must answer on the same topic in each section.

SECTION A: UNPREPARED PROSE

- 1** Read the text in the Source Booklet which accompanies your topic title.

Write a critical analysis of the text you have read.

You should analyse how effectively the writer's or speaker's choices of structure, form and language convey attitudes, values and ideas in the writing.

In your response, you should demonstrate your knowledge and understanding of literary and linguistic concepts.

(AO1 = 10, AO2 = 30)

(Total for Question 1 = 40 marks)



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TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 40 MARKS



SECTION B: PREPARED DRAMA OR POETRY

Answer ONE question from this section.

In Section B, your answer must include detailed reference to one pair of texts.

2 A Sense of Place

Consider and evaluate the different ways in which the writers of your chosen texts present places that exist more in the mind than in the physical world.

In your response, you should:

- critically compare the use of language techniques and literary devices
- comment upon and evaluate the contribution made by the contextual factors to your understanding of your chosen texts.

(AO1 = 10, AO2 = 10, AO3 = 40)

(Total for Question 2 = 60 marks)

3 The Individual in Society

Consider and evaluate the different ways in which the writers of your chosen texts present an individual's experience of transformation and change.

In your response, you should:

- critically compare the use of language techniques and literary devices
- comment upon and evaluate the contribution made by the contextual factors to your understanding of your chosen texts.

(AO1 = 10, AO2 = 10, AO3 = 40)

(Total for Question 3 = 60 marks)



4 Love and Loss

Consider and evaluate the different ways in which the writers of your chosen texts present pain and suffering caused by relationships.

In your response, you should:

- critically compare the use of language techniques and literary devices
- comment upon and evaluate the contribution made by the contextual factors to your understanding of your chosen texts.

(AO1 = 10, AO2 = 10, AO3 = 40)

(Total for Question 4 = 60 marks)

5 Family Relationships

Consider and evaluate the different ways in which the writers of your chosen texts present the impact created by the loss or departure of a loved one.

In your response, you should:

- critically compare the use of language techniques and literary devices
- comment upon and evaluate the contribution made by the contextual factors to your understanding of your chosen texts.

(AO1 = 10, AO2 = 10, AO3 = 40)

(Total for Question 5 = 60 marks)



Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen question number:

Question 2

Question 3

Question 4

Question 5

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TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 60 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 100 MARKS



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Unit 6EL03/01 focuses on the Assessment Objectives AO1, AO2 and AO3 listed below:

Assessment Objectives	AO%
AO1 Select and apply relevant concepts and approaches from integrated linguistic and literary study, using appropriate terminology and accurate, coherent written expression	20
AO2 Demonstrate detailed critical understanding in analysing the ways in which structure, form and language shape meanings in a range of spoken and written texts	40
AO3 Use integrated approaches to explore relationships between texts, analysing and evaluating the significance of contextual factors in their production and reception	40



Edexcel GCE

English Language and Literature

Advanced

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Source Booklet

Paper Reference

6EL03/01

Do not return this Source Booklet with the question paper.

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SECTION A: UNPREPARED PROSE

Materials for Question 1

A SENSE OF PLACE

An extract from a letter written by the Victorian explorer, Isabella Bird, describing a Moroccan expedition in 1901.

I left Tangier and had a severe two days' voyage to Mazagan, where the landing was so terrible and the sea so wild that the captain insisted on my being lowered into the boat by the ship's crane, in a coal basket. The officers and passengers cheered my pluck as the boat mounted a huge breaking surge – no cargo could be landed. Before leaving the steamer I had a return of the fever; and when the camping-ground turned out to be a soaked field with water standing in the furrows, and the tent was pitched in a storm of wind and rain, and many of the tent-pegs would not hold, and when the head of my bed went down into the slush, I thought I should die there – but had no more illness or fever. After an awful night when the heavy wet end of my tent, having broken loose, flapped constantly against my head, things mended. The rain ceased, and we left with camel, mule, donkey and horse and travelled here, 126 miles in six days. 5 10

Marakesh is awful; an African city of 80,000 people, the most crowded, filthiest, busiest city I have seen in the world. It terrifies me. It is the great Mohammedan feast, lasting a week and several thousand tribesmen, sheiks and retainers, are here, all armed, mounted on their superb barbs¹, splendidly caparisoned², men as wild as the mountains and deserts from which they come to do homage to the Sultan. 15

I have seen several grand sights: the Sultan in the midst of his brilliant army, receiving the homage of the sheiks and on another day, similarly surrounded, killing a sheep, in memory of Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac, and as an atonement for the sins of the year. I was at the last in Moorish disguise, pure white and veiled. 20

I have a Moorish house to myself with a courtyard choked with orange-trees in blossom and fruit. I also have what is a terror to me, a magnificent barb, the property of the Sultan; a most powerful black charger, a huge fellow far too much for me, equipped with crimson trappings and a peaked crimson saddle, 18 inches above his back. I have to carry a light ladder for getting on and off! 25

With mules, horses and soldiers I left the din and devilry of Marrakesh, as the Sultan's guest. We have been travelling six hours daily since, camping four nights and sleeping two in the castles of these wild tribes till tonight, when we are camped in the fastnesses³ of the great Atlas range at the height of 1000 feet, in as wild a region as can be imagined. This journey differs considerably from any other as it is as rough as the roughest. I never expected to do such travelling again. You would fail to recognise your infirm friend astride a superb horse in full blue trousers and a short full skirt with brass spurs belonging to a generalissimo⁴ of the Moorish army, and riding down places awful even to think of, where a rolling stone or slip would mean destruction. In these wild mountains we are among tribes which Rome failed to conquer. It is evidently air and riding which do me good. I never realised this so vividly as now. 30 35

This is an awful country, the worst I have been in. The oppression and cruelty are hellish – no one is safe. The country is rotten to the core, eaten up by abominable vices, no one is to be trusted. Every day deepens my horror of its deplorable and unspeakable vileness.

The journey of twenty-one days is over. The last day I rode thirty miles and walked two. Is it not wonderful that even at my advanced age this life should affect me thus? We were entertained everywhere as guests of the Sultan. The bridle tracks on the Atlas are awful, mere rock ladders, or smooth faces of shelving rock. We lamed two horses, and one mule went over a precipice, rolling over four times before he touched the bottom. We had guides, soldiers and slaves with us. The weather was dry and bracing. Today I had an interview with the Sultan, the first European woman to see the Emperor of Morocco! It was very interesting, but had to be secretly managed, because of the fanatical hatred to Christians.

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¹*barb* – Barbary horse

²*caparisoned* – equipped with horse's trappings

³*fastnesses* – fortresses, strongholds

⁴*generalissimo* – commander of a combined military force

THE INDIVIDUAL IN SOCIETY

An obituary, from 'The Economist' magazine, describing the life of Australian wildlife presenter Steve Irwin.

Some of his fans thought he was dead long since. Bitten by a venomous snake that had left the real Steve Irwin out in the bush-grass, dead as a maggot. Chomped in half by a croc as he gave it a loving hug. Paralysed by some spider that had crept into those teeny-tiny shorts and sunk its fangs into him. Pricked by a beetle that had burrowed into his ear, into his brain. But "Nah!" he would cry, jumping up and waving his arms: "I'm still here, mate." 5

Thousands of bits had been taken out of him by the animals he loved and provoked. One croc had "caved" his face, another had grabbed his hand and dragged him under. No worries: nothing poisonous had ever got him. Sure, he felt nervy when he "went in on" apex predators, but fear was good. It let him survive. Besides, if a poisonous snake didn't bite him in the first 30 seconds, he knew it was a softie that would settle in his hands and slither round his neck like a tie. Only parrots he was scared of. They had this uncanny desire to peck him completely to death. 10

For 169 episodes of "The Crocodile Hunter", "Croc Files", and "Croc Diaries", watched by some 500m people in 136 countries, Mr Irwin diced with death-by-animals. He got close, really close. His smooth blond face filled the screen, eyes goggling, tongue flicking out to kiss a flickering snake's. Creep up to a sleeping mamba, tweak it by the tail. Crikey! Run a lawnmower at a croc, see it launch itself right into the air to seize him. Help! "There's a cheetah. Wanna see that cheetah?" Steve would whip his camera from his little green backpack and poke it practically into the creature's mouth, scanning the molars. Aaarrghhh! Better run! Danger, danger, danger. 15 20

His excitement had been going at full tilt for years. As a toddler he put his foot deliberately on a large brown killer snake; it seemed to like it. At six he got 12 feet of scrub python for his birthday, and spent his days at the creek catching frogs for it. At nine his father, a naturalist who had started a reptile park on the Queensland coast, taught him to stalk crocs at night and lug them out of the water. He made a living from that for a time. While other young men were chundering and barracking in the bars of Brisbane he was up to his arse in a mangrove swamp, tormented by mozzies, roping rogue crocs single-handed for the Queensland government. 25

Though he played the boofhead¹ both onscreen and off, he was serious about wildlife. His clowning was to get interest going. He eventually owned not just his parents' reptile park (turned into the Australian Zoo, "Where Crocs Rule!") but 30,000 hectares in Australia, Vanuatu, Fiji and the United States, which he kept as natural reserves. He railed against the farming of animals for leather, fur or ivory and the culling of kangaroos by the Australian government: "You never save any wild animal by killing it." He abominated his country's determined land-clearing. In Timor-Leste, to local astonishment, he caught and penned up two crocodiles to stress that they should be respected. 30 35

Could Mr Irwin himself be respected? Australia was divided. He did stupid things, such as feeding a chicken carcass to a crocodile while cradling, as tenderly as a six-pack of Castlemaine XXXX, his month-old baby son. (He never gave a rip, either; he had been "completely in control".) To promoters of Australia as an urban, sophisticated, cosmopolitan place, he was a prancing horror, a big-booted oaf from the outback who reminded everyone of the rough edges of Australian life. Even in the good cause of conservation he was loud, 40

bloody loud, in his unmodulated Strine². And he was naïve in a wide-eyed, right-wing way, almost genuflecting to John Howard³ as he called him “the greatest leader in the entire world”.

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¹ *boofhead* – idiot

² *Strine* – Australianisms, similar to Cockney Rhyming Slang, but spoken with an Australian accent.

³ *John Howard* – Prime Minister of Australia, 11 March 1996 to 3 December 2007

LOVE AND LOSS

The opening to Caitlin Thomas' autobiography, written in 1997, in which she remembers her relationship with the poet, Dylan Thomas.

I first met Dylan, inevitably, in a pub, since pubs were our natural habitat. From that day onwards, we became dedicated to pubs and to each other. Pubs were our primary dedication; each other our secondary. But one fit so snugly into the other that they were perfectly complementary.

Ours was not only a love story, it was a drink story, because without alcohol it would never have got onto its rocking feet. My drink story began, seriously, with Dylan. Not that I had never taken a drink before, God forbid! I was never one to refuse anything. Alcohol was something I gulped down – all too willingly no doubt, without thinking about it. I was excessive in everything and despised moderation. So did Dylan, unfortunately. There was a fatal similarity in our half-baked ideas, the incredibly childish notions that we thought were so profound, on how one ought to live – or rather, how we ought to live – or, to be more exact, how “the chosen” ought to live. 5 10

These convenient, if absurd, theories of ours gave unlimited licence to both of our worst defects of excess. To drink moderately, we were absolutely convinced, was definitely beneath us. Only miserable, frightened little people did that. And we, of course, were automatically up among the bold, unafraid, unruly Greats. 15

There was never any doubt about this in either of our minds. Not even in mine was a tiny crack of doubt allowed to percolate. Nor was I content to live on borrowed light. Oh no, not a bit of it. That was not good enough for me. It had to be all my shining own.

So we belonged, quite simply, no question about it, to the Greats, whose solemn duty was to surfeit ourselves limitlessly with drink, to wild extinction, only to begin again – after passing out and coming to – with renewed vigour. Again and again, and yet again. It was our way of life from the very beginning. 20

It was bloody boring a lot of the time, but there was no getting out of it. It was our self-made, romanticized prison of drink. But we didn't know then that we were building our own death cells. We just thought, if we thought at all, that we were being frightfully revolutionary. 25

There was also a connection between the degradation of drink and the purifying purging process. Through degradation came purification. The lower we got, the higher we got – after, presumably, a decent pause had elapsed. Or, to put it more plainly, we had to wallow in shit in order to soar later on to the peaks. It was all part of that ridiculous romantic myth that said, in effect: not until you have passed through the blinding baptism of fire, are you fit to be a creator of the genuine burning stuff. 30

Well, we passed through the Gates of Hell and through the blinding baptism of fire all too often. They were all too familiar byways, those well-trodden routes of ours. But the “genuine burning stuff” was a bit slow in coming. More often it evaporated in the fumes of drink or got choked in the fogs of drink. Or came out in the all the wrong ways – in the mad morbid excrescences of drink. 35

From where, then, and from whom did this sacred drinking ritual come? This command to pour down the filthy poison till we dropped in our tracks? Till we crumpled up – after ten hours or more standing – still valiantly hanging on to the bar? The bar was our altar. No saint's altar was more sacred. It was our first and last thought in the day. First, how to get to the bar; last, how to stay put at the bar. It was our great joint mission in life. 40

FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

An extract from Blake Morrison's autobiography, published in 1993.

Back in our room, my father's snores reverberating round the pine and whitewash, I think of how a bit of him that wants the best for me, makes things easy for me, takes pride in me, is up against a different, more competitive bit I haven't admitted to seeing before. Last June, when he came to collect me at the end of my first year at Nottingham, he insisted we play squash, which I had recently – at his encouragement, seeing my face pasted by two terms of parties and drugs and séances – taken up: 'Perfect game for busy people: short, sweet and very active. I got quite good at it myself when I was a medical student.' He turned up at the hall of residence with his shorts and racquet, and, seeing friends of mine slumped about the place, with nothing better to do, he insisted they come along and watch. I anticipated a gentle, non-competitive knock-up as the best thing for both of us: I'd not slept the night before, and he hadn't (he claimed) played for twenty-five years. But after a few minutes' limbering up, he said 'What about a game then?' He was stiff and erratic, and though I'd have liked to have been feeling more in control of my play, I knew I was losing mainly out of gallantry and that, if I let him have the first game, I should be able to crank things up in the second and third. 5 10 15

What I hadn't reckoned with was me getting worse and he more confident. But as he cracked his shots low and irretrievable into the court's four corners, or sent me scrambling in nausea after one of his feinted drop-shots, and the whoops and ironies echoed from the dozen or so invitees in the gallery, I realized that he was simply better than me at this, that I was not only not going to beat him, but was going to be trounced. He eased off a bit towards the end to give me a chance, but that only made me angrier and more wayward than ever. He took the third and final game with a shot against the back wall which fell, unliftingly and unliftably, on the opposite one. He shook my hand and said: 'I thought you'd have run me closer than that.' 20

Now, as his snores vibrate through me, I see this is what it's been like for at least five years now. I learned to water-ski; so did he. I invited friends down to our North Wales caravan; somehow, on those weekends, he always happened to be there. I talked them into going for midnight swims; he was the first out into the night-cold in trunks and towel. Lately I've mentioned a vague plan to go to Canada, to read for an MA, after I've graduated. 'Great,' he said: 'Gill and Mummy and I will sail out and join you. We'll buy a Dormobile and get it kitted out and we can tour North America. I'll have four months off and hire a locum. Why not?' Why not, except that this was a man who, when I was small, never had time for a holiday; why not, except that the whole point of Canada is to get away from him. It isn't just a matter of his not letting go, but of needing to prove himself better. When is the old bugger going to admit he's old? Why does he make me feel, and behave like, the old one? I sink a little deeper into Webster. Next thing my father will be telling me he's given up medicine and applied to read English at Nottingham. 25 30 35

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